

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE MASK,

A TRUE STORY.

COUNT T——, chamberlain of the Duke of B——g, lost, by a sudden and violent fever, his young, beautiful, and amiable consort, with whom he had lived scarcely a year in uninterrupted conjugal felicity. This heavy affliction reduced him to the brink of despair. He himself was still young, rich, respected by many, envied by more, distinguished by his rank, and in a still higher degree by the favour of his sovereign; had he but signified his pleasure, all the young females about the court would have been ready to offer him their hands. This, however afforded him no consolation. Notwithstanding his illustrious descent, he was so unfashionable as to possess a heart susceptible of the most tender and generous feelings. He now shunned all the brilliant circles, and while he suffered the Prince very often to go unattended to the theatre and to the chace, he confined himself almost entirely to his own house. There he frequently shut himself up for half the day with his sorrows and a portrait of his beloved

ed wife, in a small lonely closet. When he quitted this retreat he conversed with not more than two or three of his most intimate friends; in company even with them he was often visibly absent, and listened with anguish in his heart and a smile upon his countenance, when they sometimes advised him to keep up his spirits, and to seek some diversion.

In this manner several months passed away; the carnival arrived, and to him that period of amusement was as destitute of pleasure as any which had preceded it; he seemed to have bidden an eternal adieu to every enjoyment.

The prince at length grew weary of his long dejection. In the mean time many courtiers had endeavoured, perhaps purely from disinterested attachment to his serene highness, to fill the place of the negligent favourite, and had also occasionally indulged in satirical reflections on the gloomy melancholy, and extravagant tenderness of this new Orpheus, whose only cry was,—Eurydice! Eurydice! Their sarcasms and their designs were alike unsuccessful; a stern look from the Duke had always instantly checked the brilliant current of their humour. The

Prince was seriously concerned for a man whom he had known from his youth, and with whom, though he had studiously avoided interfering in the affairs of government, he could nevertheless converse on many other subjects besides the last stag with sixteen branches that had been shot, or the latest opera-dancer; he therefore resolved himself to attempt his

"Chamberlain," said he once to him when Count T—— had not appeared for two or three days at court, "the tenderness of your love for your wife is not only honourable and praiseworthy, but in the present times it is truly exemplary; but as she is dead, and it is impossible to recall her from the grave, you should not for her sake fall out with all the living. Many of the latter, and myself in particular, have a just claim to your affection, and yet many weeks pass away in which I cannot even obtain a sight of you."

"The most flattering reprimand, your serene highness, that I ever received! pardon me, however, if a slight indisposition——"

"Yes, your looks, my dear Count attest that you are indisposed; but probably you have brought this indisposition on yourself by your incessant grief, your watchings, weeping, and continual confinement at home. Tell me how you have

liked this carnival, how many balls you have been to?"

"To confess the truth, your highness, not to one?"

"I thought so; and can you then wonder that you are unwell, at the same time that you refuse all medicine! The day after tomorrow I shall give a masquerade, and that at least I hope you will go to."

"If your highness commands it."

"Excellent! so you would stay away from that too? You know that I am not fond of using the word *command*, and least of all with you, but I shall fight you with your own weapons. Therefore, Sir, I request this condescension of you, and shall expect you at eight precisely."

The chamberlain bowed, and and promised to obey. All the necessary preparations were made for the masquerade; half the town of B—— equipped themselves, with joy, for the occasion. The third evening a great number of masks appeared in the capacious hall of the palace, which was magnificently lighted. The Prince, with all his court, graced the assembly. Count T——, who was almost always near the Duke, and very often engaged in conversation with him, strove to appear, at least, somewhat more cheerful than usu-

al. Rather more than two hours had elapsed when, still near the person of the prince, and fatigued with continually walking about, and perhaps also from secret disgust, he reclined a few moments against the cornice of a stove that was in the centre of the hall, and which afforded the most advantageous view of the whole gay and motly throng.

He had not been there long before a female mask that passed twice or thrice close to him drew his attention; it was a black domino with a white mask which completely covered the whole face. She walked quite alone; she had nothing particularly remarkable in her dress, though it was perfectly neat and new, nor any thing glaring or splendid about her person; but in her tall, elegant figure, in her step, air, and movements, the Count imagined that he discovered a great resemblance to his deceased wife. At length she reclined against a pillar exactly opposite to him, and equally unconcerned about the crowd and the bustle around her, seemed to fix her eyes upon him alone. An unaccountable anxiety took possession of his soul, and overpowered by involuntary curiosity, he looked steadfastly at the figure. The Prince observing him change countenance, at length inquired what was the matter.

"O nothing, your serene highness, nothing at all; I only saw

yonder a mask that interests me. I should like to know who it is."

"Why not address her then? you are at liberty, Count, to go and come back as often as you please; it gives me satisfaction to see you take an earnest in something."

The chamberlain followed his advice. But the mask, though it was impossible she could have heard what passed in a whisper between them, seemed to anticipate the intention of the Count, and purposely to avoid him. Scarcely did he advance towards her before she quitted her station, and took refuge in the thickest of the crowd; the farther she removed, the more eager was Count T—— in the pursuit; every one instantly made way, as may easily be conceived, for the favourite of the Prince.— At last she could no longer avoid him without evidently giving offence. He addressed her with one of the usual masquerade questions, which, perfectly unmeaning in themselves, signify nothing more than,—“Mask, I do not know you, but should like to hear you speak.” Her reply was as short and indifferent as his question. These few words, however, startled him; he fancied that the voice exactly resembled that of her whose image was still ever present to his mind. He suppressed his astonishment and again addressed her. She answered all his questions with the utmost politeness, but always in a certain melancholy tone, which

corresponded but too well with that of his own mind. At length he offered her his arm to walk about the hall; she accepted it; but when she took hold of him, though very gently, an inward tremor thrilled his frame. In despite of this sensation he proceeded. "Why, beauteous mask," said he, "do you touch me with so timid a hand? perhaps my proposal to conduct you may not be agreeable?"

"On the contrary, it is most agreeable; you, Count, are the only person in this hall to whom I could say so."

"Your politeness puts me to the blush.—Have we ever been in each other's company before?"

"Yes, often; both here and in other places; masked and unmasked."

"You must know me then?"

"O yes."

"Intimately?"

"I *once* flattered myself that I did; *now* I hope so still more than before."

"And do I know?"

"Most certainly you do!"

"Extraordinary!—And your name; might I not be permitted to know that?"

"You might; but the knowledge of it cannot now be attended with any advantage, but would rather prove injurious to you."

"Injurious! your name injurious? Incomprehensible! Impossible!"

"But yet too true! You are here for the purpose of diverting yourself; a single word from me might awaken the most painful sensations."

Such was the commencement of a conversation which every moment grew more interesting and more obscure for the unhappy Count, which filled his heart with inexpressible anxiety, and which, nevertheless, he could not prevail upon himself to break off. He turned the conversation to various long past occurrences of his life; the mask knew them all with a precision and accuracy that nothing could surpass; nay, she even recalled to his memory many a little trait that he himself had forgotten. At length he began to speak, with an inward tremor, of the felicity he enjoyed in the conjugal state. The mask was silent, or replied only in monosyllables. Her voice seemed to become fainter. When the Count urged her to tell him, whether she knew any thing relative to this subject, she exclaimed, "Why should I tear open wounds which still bleed in my own bosom? You are sensible, Count, deeply sensible of what you have lost. But

as you have again made your appearance here, you seem already to be looking round you for consolation and oblivion." He thought that, on these words, she would have disengaged herself from him, but he held her too firmly.

"By all that is sacred!" cried the Count, and in a louder tone than was suited to such a place, "I will not let you go! Incomprehensible woman, who are you? and whence come you?"

A motion with her right hand towards heaven served instead of an answer, and seemed to say, "From above."

The Count could scarcely restrain the tumult of his feelings. Seating himself with her in a corner of the hall, lest they should excite the notice, and become the butt of the company, he employed all the powers of his eloquence, and summoned to his aid all the promises he could think of, to prevail on her either to tell him her name, or what would be still more agreeable, to unmask. She long refused, or rather kept silence.—At last, when he conjured her by all that is sacred on earth or in heaven, and if she had ever loved, by the object of her affection, she answered, but still not without apparent reluctance: "Well, your request shall be granted. I will unmask, but not here. If you know of any safe and retired apartment in the palace, and still persist in

your curiosity, conduct me to it." He instantly rose. "But, I fear, Count," continued she, or rather, I am certain that you will repent your obstinacy." Instead of replying, he offered her his arm.

They departed. One out of the suite of apartments that ran the length of the hall, was opened without hesitation for the favourite of the Prince. They entered; the mask first looked round to see whether they were alone. Having satisfied herself on this point, she once more asked her conductor, if he wished to see her real countenance. "Yes, yes; I implore it as the greatest of favours." "Be it so!" She removed the mask, and Count T—— sunk as if thunder-struck upon the floor, for he beheld—a death's head.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

AFFECTATION OF BEAUTY.

AFFECTATION of Beauty so regularly excites the most unbounded ridicule, that it is truly astonishing to see how continually it is practised by the old, the ugly, and even the most deformed people of both sexes; whose glasses, those never-neglected monitors! so honestly reflect what none but the

self-beholder views with eyes of admiration. But honest as the poor looking-glass may be, it seems as if by some enchantment an extraordinary deception takes place, which converts frowns into smiles, death-like paleness into a blooming complexion, and awkwardness into grace. This is assuredly one of the wonders of nature, which never yet has been thoroughly explained or understood, although the fact be sufficiently known, and that it hourly takes place ; so that I know not whether we are not bound more to extend our pity than our blame, or our derision, to those victims of an incomprehensible delusion ; who, really fancy themselves lovely, only adorn with care charms which elegant attire will in their opinions render still more attractive.

The extreme attention paid to dress and to fashion by the very ugliest of people, nearly justifies the supposition, that they are actually deceived as to their appearance ; since otherwise one should imagine no person who was evidently crooked, could like to talk of their form, or choose to wear a dress particularly adapted to the display of a fine figure : yet it has often been remarked that most people with that defect are uncommonly partial to dress and shew, and that a consequential manner in their walk with a certain pertness in their tone of voice, seems peculiarly affected by them, as if to assume a dignity which nature has positively denied. It sounds almost incredible to say,

that an old woman with fiery red hair, addressed a young one, whose beautiful light ringlets curled over a fair complexion, in the following words : " you and I, who have auburn hair." Yet this did happen ; and similar instances occur every day, whilst the old and ugly unmercifully multiply their loads of finery with the most pitiable folly. Nor are the unfortunate objects, as one could wish were the case, so really self-conceited as always to believe themselves handsome, tho' they vainly imagine that ornament and affectation conceal defects, and that talking of unpossessed beauties deceives those who must be blind indeed, could they not perceive the striking difference between loveliness and deformity, which no additions whatever can make less disagreeable ; whilst the splendid dress may, on the contrary, attract a degree of notice to the wearer's ugliness, which would have been overlooked had more simplicity been attended to, with less affectation of that which must be natural before it can be pleasing.

No one ought, it is true, to be proud of beauty ; yet it assuredly bespeaks the approbation of strangers, and is so agreeable a letter of recommendation, that I should certainly tax that person with affectation, who, being handsome, should either pretend ignorance of the circumstance, or indifference about what is wished for or aimed at by most people.

Beauty is universally allowed to be a dangerous trial ; yet nevertheless those who are modestly conscious of it, may surely with the greatest safety indulge the satisfaction of confessing to themselves their natural advantage, without suffering that satisfaction to run into vanity, or to sink into the affected ignorance of what they know to be fact. But to be so ashamed of ugliness, which being no fault is no disgrace, as to endeavour to veil it under the mincing airs of youth and beauty, and by adventitious ornaments to gain some admiration for a form destitute of natural elegance, is a folly approaching to criminality, and certainly leading to dangers of which the imitator of loveliness has at first little idea : for how much comfort, and how much health, have been ultimately sacrificed in the affectation, which, after all, no art can obtain. So much does fashion govern all things, that even beauty itself, which naturally appears to be a positive, a self-evident circumstance ; to consist in the regular formation of well-turned limbs, and in symmetry of features ; yet subsists its pretensions to the arbitrary taste of the times. That which was considered as handsome one year, is not thought so another ; and in compliance with the general opinion, people try to appear fat or lean, tall or short, according to the dictates of the ever-varying fancy of the hour ! As I well remember young women's drinking vinegar, and half starving them-

selves, in order to obtain the slender waist which was then in vogue ; so have I known the subsequent reign of padding and stuffing, with a view to imitate the plumpness which nature had denied : yet neither could the fat lady conceal her size, nor the thin one succeed in persuading us that she was not a skeleton. High heels, when dignity was as much affected as smartness is at present, only produced a tottering gait, without adding much to the wearer's real stature—that once-envied height ! which a graceful stoop in the shoulders has lately as assiduously endeavoured to lose ; since tall women have not pretended to vie in elegance with the little lively beauties of modern taste.

How many a form, in the attainment of a fine shape, has been tortured in bands of steel, and straightened in what may almost be termed coats of mail ! and how many a constitution has sunk under the unavailing effort to convert a brown complexion to a snowy whiteness by the dangerous application of paints and washes ; which, fine as their names may be in the advertisements recommending their virtues, are invariably composed of the most pernicious materials ; the use of which, when unhappily it is once begun, is always persevered in at the hazard of life, rather than be reduced to the mortifying exhibition of a tarnished skin, become by the long practice of art actually disgusting, and to the consequent acknowledgment of the

falsehood which was previously attempted.

Can a few frivolous compliments lavished on mere appearance, or does the short lived triumph of perhaps a few years, compensate for the loss of limbs; or afford consolation for the misfortune of premature old age? Indeed it seems as if the conscious made-up beauty could enjoy but little pleasure, though she should receive all the adulation she courts, embittered as it must be with continual terror of some unlucky accident, which may discover her shape to be owing to the skill of a stay-maker, her teeth to that of a dentist, her hair to be only a fashionable wig, and her complexion to be bought at a perfumer's! Let us rather be satisfied with the appearance it has pleased God to give us. We may injure, but shall not mend his works! If we are ugly let us no otherwise attempt to adorn that ugliness, than by an endeavour at a constant exercise of good-nature and benevolence, which infuses a pleasing cheerfulness into the least agreeable set of features, and lights up even an ugly countenance with more attraction than can be purchased in all the shops of the metropolis!

Should we, after all our attempts to improve our looks by the serenity of temper arising from a cultivation of the most estimable virtues, should we still be so unfortunate as to possess a gloomy and

forbidding appearance; let us not even then be mortified or ashamed, but remember that there is One, to whom our inward thoughts are known; who regards not the outward man, but who loves and will reward the beauty of the soul—that which is in our power (with assistance not withheld) to improve during every hour of our existence: to render, under every increased trial or difficulty, less and less unworthy of Almighty mercy: and which, (without fearing the imputation of affectedly following that fleeting and most commonly unattainable circumstance, personal attractions) we may strive, and strain every effort, continually to beautify with the beauty of holiness, for which we are commanded unremittingly to labour.

UGLINESS.

Being desired and admired by no one, Ugliness is indeed so seldom an object of affectation, that I should scarcely have ventured to mention it in that light, were it not that in spite of the insults to which it is not unfrequently exposed, the abhorrence it inspires, and the offence it gives to all people to hear it imputed to them; yet I am bound to confess that there have been instances, where ugliness, or rather deformity, has been the occasion of a sort of pride to ugly persons, who, conscious of a disagreeable appearance, which nothing could conceal, have stretched the laudable determination to be

content with their fate ; till meaning to be praised for a meritorious humility, their calling for notice of defects has grown into a troublesome obtrusion of their misfortunes, and has sunk what otherwise would have been pity into downright disgust.

This odd, and in its origin well-meant affectation, belonging to the ugly people, (for it is not affectation of ugliness itself) by degrees is sometimes converted into absolute pride in those singularities, which are exclusively their own. What else could make an unfortunate dwarf proud of his littleness? and talk with a sort of satisfaction of being still shorter than another, who was mentioned as famous for the same defect? Another instance of actual pride in deformity has likewise been related to me—of a black man, a trumpeter to a regiment, who was seriously hurt on being told of another regiment, in which there was another trumpeter, still more frightful than himself!

This species of pride is however very rare, and it must be acknowledged that a taste for ugliness is not sufficiently prevalent to be productive of much affectation.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 11.

I am acquainted with the female heart, (says a man who is dissatis-

fied with the sex). Violent measures cost them nothing ; they adopt them with facility, and with facility they relinquish them.—They weep, they faint, they die, and suddenly they come to life again ; they pass abruptly and continually from one extreme to the other ; from love to hatred, from timidity to boldness, from modesty to effrontery, from misanthropy to dissipation. They have been too often accused of falsehood, because their levity and inconstancy have been ascribed to hypocrisy and dissimulation. They relinquish and again resume in good earnest, passions, vices, virtues : to exquisite delicacy they owe a vivacity of sensations which hurry them irresistibly along, and gives them an equal flexibility for good or evil. In the bosom of wisdom the most trifling incident is capable of producing a fit of madness, and in the midst of their deviations their hearts are susceptible of virtuous enthusiasm. Madame de *** was passionately in love with me ; we once met together to the midnight mass ; the majesty of the place, the harmony of the organ, the sublimity of the music, made such a powerful impression upon her mind, that on leaving the church she went and shut herself up in a covenant, where she has lived three years like a saint. The heart of this woman at three quarters past eleven was totally absorbed in love ; at twelve she had sacrificed to God her passion, her lover, and the world. Such are

women, and such too are the most interesting of the sex. Seducing and whimsical creatures, who owe their greatest charms to their defects, to that facility of conceiving passion which gives such expression and mutability to their features, and such a pleasing variety to their manners! Dangerous sex! which we cannot love with security, which we have neither the possibility of esteeming nor the right of despising, because it is equally capable of the most incomprehensible deviations and of the most sublime actions!

What power, what empire on earth can be compared to that of a woman who is really beloved, if her lover possesses a dignified character and elevation of soul! Without any requisition, without any command, her mere wishes, her counsels, have the weight of laws. Happy the woman, who, knowing the advantages she enjoys, can take advantage of the intoxication of love, to form the heart of her lover to virtue! She binds herself to him by a sacred and everlasting chain: she may look forward, without apprehension to the future: should the lover disappear, she will at least perceive in him a faithful and a grateful friend.

GAIETY.

PERSONS really gay are never false or vindictive. There is always in frank gaiety a species of childishness which resembles in-

nocence and constitutes its greatest charm. Gaiety will not associate with villainy. Formed for the attribute of a good conscience, it is commonly indicative of one. Gaiety prolongs youth; 'tis this, likewise that imparts true courage, and enables man to bear the calamities incident to life.

These observations must be understood to apply only to true gaiety, to that which is capable of pleasing without licentiousness and without malignity. I allude to the gaiety of Scaron, of Molière, of Dufrény, of Lesage, of Hamilton, of Bachaumont, of Chapelle, and all those authors who, without the aid of satire, without wounding modesty or religion, have pleased or instructed us by exciting our mirth.

The estimable advantage of lessons given with gaiety and good humour, is, that every body receives them with pleasure. Moralists of sprightly wit and cheerful temper resemble those amiable masters, who are not above playing with their children, that they may render their very recreations useful and convey instruction without their perceiving it. The pleasure is the pledge of the profit to be derived from those lessons, and among men of every age it is the best of all securities. Moralists of unalterable gravity and austerity, always dressed in a doctor's gown, always mounted in a pulpit; apprise the public that they intended to de-

claim, exhort, command, reflect, investigate, &c. Those who love independence run away, the satirical turn them into ridicule, the thoughtless do not listen to what they say and all the rest fall asleep.

PLEASURE ARISING FROM BOOKS.

AT the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of education, may confidently be placed that derived from books; no other can stand in competition with it. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what a privilege should we think it! How superior to all common enjoyments!—But in a well furnished library we, in fact possess this. We can question Xenophon and Cæsar on their campaigns, make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstration from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness, and open our doors to good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject.—Without books I have

never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction; with them no day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. "Sweet pliability of man's spirit," cried Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his *Sentimental Journey*, "that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!"

Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the possibility of being cheaply pleased, and of the consequence it is of to the sum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the most of life as it passes.

POWER OF HABIT.

IT is possible to habituate ourselves to every kind of physical evil that can be borne without distinguishing life. Habit familiarizes man with objects that appear the most alarming, the most dangerous: nay it does still more and familiarizes us with pain itself, or rather blunts and destroys the sense of pain. It is highly salutary to impress this truth so deeply on the mind, that we may be able to meet with courage and tranquility all the afflictions incident to humanity.

Reasoning has no effect but on cultivated minds. There are but two things that have any power over others; habit by which they are ruled, and example by which they are led.

From the Lounger's Common-Place Book.

BLACK HOLE,

A dungeon so called in Fort William, Calcutta, measuring only eighteen feet square, in which Mr. Holwell and one hundred and forty five brave men, exhausted by fatigue, and a vigorous defence against a superior force, were immured, by order of the Subah or Viceroy of Bengal, in the year 1756, during a sultry, close night, which he who has melted under that debilitating climate, may be allowed the unenvied merit of accurately describing. So great a number of persons enclosed and pressed together, in a very narrow space, is not to be imagined or described without horror; it was a night of suffocation, langour, delirium, and death; escape or relief was impossible, as immense pecuniary offers had been made to the guard, if they would report their situation, but the only answer was, "that no one could presume to wake the Subah on pain of death."

Water, in such inadequate quantities as the grating of the windows would admit of, was conveyed to them in hats, by the humanity of an old sentinel; but this refreshment, so precious, after a momentary alleviation, was found considerably to aggravate their complaints; and, like other comforts of human life, was embittered with

the reflection, that it could not be shared by their remote companions, whose repeated cries for water, and ineffectual struggles to reach it, served only to diminish their remaining strength; while death was every moment lessening the number of miserable creatures, who experienced relief from swallowing the copious perspiration of their neighbours.

I will not dwell on the shocking description of a charnel house,—crowded with bodies of the dead and dying. We may form some judgment of their condition from their attempting, by repeated intreaties, as well as by provocation, to induce the commanding officer of the guard, to fire on them and at once conclude their miseries.—After a night, a long, a dreadful night, which realized or surpassed the torments of hell, the door which opened inwards was unbolted, and as soon as the lifeless bodies, which prevented its opening, were removed by their associates—of one hundred and forty-six healthy and vigorous persons, only *twenty-three* escaped alive from this cavern of death!

Such was the fate of the gallant English factory, occasioned by the resentment of the natives against the oppressions and enormities of one Drake, a late governor of Calcutta, who, after raising a storm, had basely quitted his post, and left men, whose bravery ought to have excited admiration and esteem

in an enemy, to the supine cruelty of an unfeeling Subah. While Mr. Holwell, one of the unhappy prisoners, to whom I am indebted for the particulars of this dreadful story, while Mr. Holwell was relating their sufferings, this miscreant interrupted him by saying, in a stern manner, "I am well assured there was treasure in the fort; unless it is instantly given up, expect no mercy;—this insult was intolerable from a tyrant who had shewn none, from a cool deliberate murderer, for it afterwards appeared that the prisoners were driven into the black hole, by his express direction,—and expecting what would happen, that he had given positive orders, not to be disturbed during the night.

Had I been one of the survivors, I would, at all hazards, have approached the merciless villain, and have planted a dagger in his heart; in such transactions, the feelings of nature are above law, judges are unnecessary, and the voice of a jury superfluous. This memorable tragedy has made a deep, perhaps a useful impression on my mind; reflecting on the dismal catastrophe, I have converted it into a source of comparative comfort.—When my temples have throbbed with the irritation of a burning fever, when the wounds of calamity have been exasperated by insidious enemies, or ill-judging friends, and my mind agitated in a storm of hopes and fears, was sinking into despair, I have often cast a thought

on the sufferers at Calcutta, compared their misery with my own, breathed forth a thankful ejaculation to the Almighty, and almost ceased to be wretched.

THE editor of this miscellany tenders grateful acknowledgments for the extensive patronage with which he has been honoured. His supreme solicitude is to combine in his paper instruction and amusement, solid wisdom, and harmless merriment. The object of a literary miscellany should be to collect pieces on different subjects and of different styles, that by variety pleasure may be diversified. Our attempts for this purpose seem hitherto not to have been unfavourably estimated by the public, and we shall hereafter exert the amount of our humble abilities in endeavouring to render this paper deserving of continued approbation. Its plan is most likely to yield universal gratification; for among the various matter which fills it, some will be found agreeable to every taste—a piece which would be rejected by one, would be read with avidity by another. On Saturday's we call on our subscribers to suspend for a moment their customary labours and listen to the lessons of the moral sage, to the pathetic narrative of the novelist, and the enchanting numbers of the poet. Of what subjects the miscellany should consist, it is not difficult to determine; we shall avail ourselves largely of fictitious writings, taking care, however, that the fictions are not wild and absurd, but near to nature and probable occurrence. We shall not insult the understandings of our readers by presenting them with fictions too extravagant to be believed, by narrating to them pleasures which can never be realized, or distresses which can never be suffered. We shall not pre-

sent to them any information about the ærial inhabitants or the infernal spirits, about the elysian fields or the tartarean gulph.

Biography we shall not neglect, and may sometimes offer to our readers sketches of eminent living characters.—This subject so universally delights, that for its insertion no apology is required.

To the warblings of the poet we shall never be deaf; we shall enrich our pages with the happy offspring of poetical fancy.

We hope to be able to add to the above, original essays on different subjects. The discussion of dry metaphysical subjects we exclude from our paper, and all the erratic productions of an unregulated imagination. We wish to display human nature as it is, a mixture of virtue and vice, of wisdom and of folly. Without any representations of universal derangement or absolute perfection, of hopeless depravity or of speculative rectitude.

We have received an essay on female manners, on which we do not hesitate to bestow considerable praise; but as it was in some parts liable to the objections of the critic, and as we are not over fond of altering the pieces we receive, we did not give it a place.

Rusticus has appeared as the antagonist of Anthony Thistle, and though we would not deny that by care and attention he may possibly attain excellence, we are compelled to pronounce him as yet unfit for the scrutiny of an intelligent public. We request him to recollect that by our publication of a piece it should by no means be inferred that our sentiments are entirely coincident with those which it advances.

Miss Fashionable's attack upon Sal-

magundi is not disreputably written, but we cannot in conscience permit ourselves to publish it. In addition to the pre-eminent talents of the "knot of old bachelors," we think they possess an uncommon degree of moral purity—at least their writings do, while they themselves may be very bad men. The first journalists of this description were Casa, and Castiglione, in the sixteenth century, Italian writers of great eminence, who laboured "to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal; which if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation." La Bruyere's *Manners of the age* stands distinguished among literary journals, and is supposed to surpass the productions of the celebrated Italians.

The Tatler was the first periodical publication of this kind in Great Britain, it was commenced in 1709, by Sir Richard Steele, who was assisted by Addison, Tickel, and others. To this succeeded the Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, Idler, &c.

We hope our readers will not be offended at this detail, as our only object is to point out to them sources of similar gratification to what many of them have no doubt received from the lucubrations of Messrs. Langstaff, Evergreen, and Wizard. We are not sufficiently acquainted with these essayists to run a parallel between them and Salmagundi, but were we to rely on those who from extent of literature and perspicacity of criticism are best able to judge, we could not refuse to rank it among those works which bid fair for immortality.

* Previous to the Rambler appeared the Free-thinker, the Humourist, the Observer, and subsequent to it the Adventurer, World, Connoisseur, Mirror, Looker-on, Lounger.

As to the charge of malevolence, it is to the last degree unjust. Some have ungenerously supposed that the *trio* have taken advantage of their concealment to attack the characters of their neighbours and to hold them up to public ridicule, whereas it appears to us that the "Old Bachelors" are severally fired with uncommon ardour of benevolence. "Morality," indeed as one of them has said, has been their "pole-star." Their writings have been solely directed against vice and folly, with which "Gotham" amply abounds; against impure theatrical exhibitions, against the indelicacy of female dress, behaviour, and manners, and the neglect of female education, (alas! blame-worthy enough in our day, and in our city) against the frigid ceremonies and hollow and false characters of men and women of the world; on these and similar topics have the writers of *Salmagundi*, displayed inimitable humour, noble and elevated conceptions, admirable powers of eloquence, and "hearts brimful of loving-kindness."

Our limits do not permit us to notice several other communications which we have received.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Capt. Livingston Shannon, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Margaret Jenkins of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Henry J. Guest, to Miss Eliza Classback, both of this City.

On Thursday evening, the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Pearson Morris, of Philadelphia, to Miss

Ann Wilkie, daughter of Edward Wilkie, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Richard Irvin, grocer, to Miss Margaret Berry, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. James Allen, to Miss Margaret Bunn, daughter of Mr. James Bunn, all of this city.

At Rariton, N. J. Mr. John De Forest, of this city, to Miss Sophia Whitehead, daughter of Mr. David Whitehead, of the aforesaid place.

..... all that live must die,
Passing thro' nature to eternity.

DIED,

Of a lingering illness Mrs. Sarah Henderson, aged 66 years.

On the 5th Jan. on his passage home from Malaga, capt. Jacob Packwood, of the ship Chase, of this port, aged 38 years.

On Friday, Mr. Nicholas Comer, of the theatre.

At Albany, Miss Ann Lansing, aged 22.

At Newark,—Mrs. Hannali Boughen.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable one in advance.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

WHAT IS LOVE ?

What is love ?—'Tis pleasure, pain ;
 One time 'tis loss, another gain ;
 It breeds the soft impassioned sigh,
 And bids the tear suffuse the eye ;
 Yet oft a smile it makes us prove—
 This, youthful poets, this is love.

It bids us oft avert the eye,
 When her we hold most dear is nigh ;
 It makes the eloquent grow mute,
 Who fain would pay a lover's suit ;
 Yet bids the tongue of silence move—
 All these are surest signs of love.

It makes the valiant crouch its slave,
 Degrades the proud, unnerves the brave ;
 Ev'n the bright seasons seem to change
 Beneath love's soft and fostering range ;
 And winter, as we gaily rove,
 Changes to summer, touch'd by love.

THE MARRIED MAN'S ADDRESS
 TO THE LIBERTINES.

I AM married and happy, with wonder
 hear this !

Ye rovers and rakes of the age,
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal
 bliss,

Whom none but loose pleasures en-
 gage.

You may laugh—but believe me, "you're
 all in the wrong,"

When you merrily marriage deride ;
 For to marriage alone lasting pleasures
 belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

Of the joys I possess, you know not one
 jot,

They contain what you cannot con-
 ceive ;

Contented and happy, I am pleased with
 my lot,

Whilst all your false pleasures de-
 ceive.

Do you ask—from what source my fel-
 city flows ?

My answer is short—from a wife,
 Whom for virtue, good sense, and good
 manners I've chose ;

Such as these are the blessings of life

To make home the seat of perpetual de-
 light,

Every moment each strives for to
 seize ;

And we find ourselves happy from
 morning till night,

By mutual endeavours to please.

LOVE.

If miser's find a joy in wealth,

Be theirs the golden griefs to prove,
 Be mine the pleasures known to health,
 When heightened by the bliss of love.

Should angry war's destructive roar
 Spread desolation thro' the grove ;

Returning peace will please us more,
 If shared with those we truly love.

If pain o'erwhelms the wounded mind,
 If round us untold miseries move ;

Still will the breast a comfort find,
 When love is sooth'd by those we love.

These blessings, love, belong to thee,

Thy hopes and fears 'tis joy to prove ;
 If thine is bondage, who'd be free ?

To me, thou art welcome, Love.